

AT DANVILLE.

Death of Horace Rowe.

Horace Emerson Rowe died Thursday evening from the effects of a shock of apoplexy which he suffered on the Tuesday previous. Mr. Rowe had been in as good health as usual and was about his work when taken ill, and did not recover consciousness. He was the oldest of 10 children, and was born in Corinth, June 20, 1835. When a boy his family moved to West Danville and afterward to Peacham. He enlisted from Peacham in Co. H, 4th Vt. Volunteers in September 1861, and was with his company in 19 engagements, included in which were Lee's Mills, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Cold Harbor and Petersburg. He was taken prisoner at Weldon Railroad, June 23, 1864. He was sent first to Libby Prison and from there to Andersonville, from which place he was paroled, November 24, 1864. His sufferings there can be judged by the fact that of 17 comrades from his company taken prisoners at the same time, but two survived their prison experience. Mr. Rowe weighed 215 pounds when taken prisoner and only 90 pounds when exchanged. He returned to Peacham and slowly regained his strength. March 10, 1865 he was mustered out of the service but because he had no hospital record he was never able to obtain such pension as his sufferings and disability should have entitled him to. He was married to Lizzie West of Danville, Oct. 1, 1872, and after living three years at Peacham moved to Danville where he has since resided. Mr. Rowe has been well known as an ardent temperance man and had for many years served as town grand juror. Respected and honored by all his life for a good citizen, a kind husband and father, and a faithful neighbor to the community. He is survived by two brothers: Ichabod Rowe of Peacham and Charles F. Rowe of Chicago; and two sisters: Mrs. Henry Page of Danville, and Mrs. Ella Gallagher of Kent, Nevada; and by his wife, his son, Guy, and daughter, Anna. The funeral was held at the house Sunday afternoon at one o'clock. Rev. G. H. Cummings officiating. There were several of his comrades present, who served as bearers, six of whom were members of Company H. Music was furnished by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mackey.

Ephraim Hartshorn fell through a scuttle in his son Abel's barn Saturday afternoon and was quite seriously injured and is confined to his bed.

Byron Wright is home from Colby college for his Christmas vacation.

Miss Adelle Blodgett of Waterford is visiting at J. F. Emerson's.

Mrs. Walter Perkins of St. Johnsbury is visiting her sister, Mrs. Calvin Morrill.

Mrs. Ned Pettigill has returned to Boston, where her husband is employed.

John E. Harris is home from Washington, D. C., for the Christmas vacation.

Miss Carol Sturdevant went to New York, Tuesday, where she will spend Christmas with her brother and father, and will then go to Wilkesbarre, Pa., to spend the winter.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Eliza Taylor and James W. Hatch, which will take place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Taylor, Wednesday evening, Dec. 24; also for the wedding of Miss Flossie Hatch and George G. Greer, which will take place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Hatch, Thursday evening, Dec. 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Morse returned last week from Rochester.

Mrs. Robert McCullough has returned from Lowell, Mass., where she has been spending a few weeks.

Danville creamery paid 25 cents per pound for November butter.

George Page, who has been spending several weeks with his father, Nathan Page, has returned to Boston.

R. B. Gamell has returned from Boston, where he attended the meeting of the agents of the Massachusetts Mutual Accident association. He attended the meeting of the Mystic Shrine at Montpelier last week.

Charlie Hawkins fell upon his axe while working in the woods last week and cut one of his little fingers quite severely.

H. B. Hawkins killed a very large specimen of the great horned owl in his hen-house, Sunday, but not until the owl had bitten off the heads and killed nine hens. J. E. Tinker is having the bird mounted.

Eugene Putnam and family of Lanesboro have been visiting his sister, Mrs. Will Woodard.

Miss Sadie Colby is spending the week's vacation at home and is accompanied by her friend, Miss Harriet Stores, of Norwich.

Miss Jennie Hatch is home from Barton Landing for a short visit.

All are cordially invited to attend the Christmas exercises to be held at the churches. Thursday evening the cantata "Catching Kris Kringle" will be presented at the Congregational church and on Friday evening the Methodist society will present the cantata, "The Real Santa Claus."

Mrs. George Bagley, who has been an invalid for a long time, was taken seriously ill on Friday of last week but seems now to be recovering slowly.

Mrs. Hulda Whitehill and her son, Martin Sargent, of Barre, are visiting at Peter Wesson's.

Martin McDonald started Monday night for Minneapolis, where he will visit his grandmother, Mrs. W. B. McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman Howe will go to Newport Monday to work for O. H. Cleveland.

KIRBY.

Mrs. George Leach suffered a paralytic shock last Monday. Her many friends will be pleased to hear that hopes are entertained of her recovery.

W. B. Kelley was at St. Johnsbury over Sunday.

Perley Ailes is sick with the grip at C. H. Davis'.

Mrs. G. S. Williams from St. Johnsbury visited at W. P. Russell's last week.

Mrs. Frank Houston from East Burke is caring for Mrs. Leach.

Miss Dell Leach from Springfield, Mass., was called home last week by the serious illness of her mother.

W. P. Russell will log for Sherb Lang this winter.

PASUMPSIC.

Much credit is due the agents for the three life insurance companies in which the late W. E. Somers held policies, for the promptness with which they paid the checks to the administrator, F. W. Mason, for the following amounts: Phoenix, F. Switzer, agent, St. Johnsbury, \$2,000; the New York Life Insurance Co., Frank Hastings, agent, St. Johnsbury, \$2,000; the Connecticut Gen., H. F. Balch, agent, St. Johnsbury, \$1,000.

Salma Hall died at his home on the County Hill, Saturday afternoon, after an illness of a few weeks. His funeral was held Tuesday noon at the house, Rev. C. D. R. Meacham officiating, and the body was interred in the Passumpsic cemetery.

The sale and promenade held in the schoolhouse hall Friday evening was a success both in enjoyment and financially, adding about \$20 to the treasury of the Ladies' Village Improvement society.

Preparations for a Christmas tree and concert are being made by the church and Sunday school. Everyone is invited to come, bring their presents to put on the tree and enjoy the evening.

RYEGATE.

Judge T. A. Meader was home from court over Sunday, returning Monday.

Miss Carrie Ricker is home from Baltimore, Md., to spend the holidays; also Harry M. Nelson from Tufts College; Grace and Dales McLam, May and Walter Nelson, Edson Nelson and Charlie Gibson from St. Johnsbury Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. McLam spent Tuesday in St. Johnsbury.

George Murphy is visiting his parents in Alton, N. H., for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Symes visited friends in Greensboro last week.

A large amount of live stock was shipped from Ryegate station this week.

Rev. Mr. Collins gave the children an interesting discourse, Sunday, from Luke 2:20.

There was no prayer meeting Sunday evening on account of the storm.

The heavy rain Sunday has filled many springs that were dry or nearly so.

SOUTH WHELOCK.

George Peak has come to Claremont, N. H., to help care for his grandfather, George Ransome, who is very sick.

The teachers are preparing for a Christmas tree to be held at the church next Friday night.

The Good Templars will hold their next meeting at H. W. Brooks', Thursday, Dec. 31.

A few from this place attended the dance given by the Woodmen Camp at Lyndon, Friday night.

C. R. Colby spent part of last week in Lyndon with his mother.

LYNDENBURG.

Warren Simonds is still critically ill and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Mrs. King is visiting her son in Whitefield for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. J. Miller is still very feeble.

The meetings held last Tuesday by the state officers of agriculture were very interesting and all attending enjoyed a profitable time.

F. G. Harvey of Burlington was in town last of the week.

The guests of Mrs. Moulton have returned home.

Christmas exercises will be held in the hall by both societies on Friday evening. All are cordially invited.

The blacksmith shops were filled all the time, early and late last week, and business in that line was rushing.

Mr. Barber of Baltimore joins his wife, who has been spending several weeks with her parents, this week.

Miss Lillian Blood is intending to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. M. Dodge.

Miss May Davison of St. Johnsbury is spending her Christmas vacation with her grandparents and aunts.

Charles Simonds, who has been away from town for some time, returned here a few days ago on account of the illness of his father.

EAST LYNDON.

E. A. Simpson, who has been quite sick for several weeks, is much better.

Mrs. Webber and Miss Della Gray have moved from the Kelley farm back to this place.

Christmas tree with exercises at the church Friday evening.

Miss Josie Walter, who formerly lived here, is very sick with gastric fever.

Mr. Powers is visiting at C. H. Locke's.

Mrs. Murchie is on the sick list.

Henry Lee has returned from Corbin Park, N. H., where he has been building a sawmill.

David Young's mother is very sick. As she is 93 years old it is feared she will not recover.

LYNDON.

Misses Hattie and Effie Colby returned Saturday from East Orange, N. J., to spend their Christmas vacation with their mother.

Two of the O. H. Mfg. Co.'s men, W. H. McGovern and his brother, returned Monday from Kansas and Nebraska to make a short visit at home, after which they will go to New York and Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Rose Jiffers of St. Johnsbury called on friends here Monday on her way to Wheelock.

Miss Jennie LaPoint Lippencott of Worcester, Mass., is visiting at her father's in this place.

Rev. W. H. Lyster of Lyndon Center supplied the pulpit at the Congregational church, Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Bodwell of Lyndonville preached at the M. thodist church Sunday in exchange with Rev. Mr. Mather.

Mrs. Louise Carr of Hardwick is visiting her parents here.

Mrs. James Austin and two boys have gone to Wells River. Mr. Austin has closed his house and moved with the other two boys to Lyndonville.

The Congregational Sunday school hold their Christmas exercises at the church, Thursday evening.

Miss Lucia Grant arrived Friday from Northfield, Mass., to spend her Christmas vacation at home.

ENGRAVED CARDS, stylish and at a reasonable price at the CALEDONIAN office. Ask to see samples.

HEALTH is the Most Important

No one can tell good baking powder from bad merely by the appearance;

The price is some guide, but not an infallible one;

Some cheap brands may raise the dough, yet contain unwholesome ingredients.

There is one safe, sure way, i. e., to follow the recommendations of the

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THE HIGHEST AUTHORITIES ON HYGIENE
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THE BEST HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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NORTH DANVILLE.

There will be a Christmas tree and exercises consisting of music and recitations at the North church, Thursday evening.

Mrs. F. R. Palmer was called to South Cabot, Thursday, by the illness of her mother, Mrs. H. N. Clark.

Ray Palmer and Mrs. D. A. Langmaid spent Sunday in South Cabot.

Miss Ethel Blodgett, who has been for several months in Jeffersonville, returned home Tuesday last week.

Miss Grace E. Franklin of St. Johnsbury Center is spending her vacation with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Weeks.

The next singing school will be held Friday evening, January 1, at the church vestry, H. H. May, teacher.

Bert Massey of St. Johnsbury spent Sunday with friends in this place.

Mrs. Harriet Stanley is visiting her father, Jack Miller.

H. A. Kelsey is confined to the house by illness.

Mrs. C. L. Merrill, who has been ill for several weeks, is now convalescing.

Appropriate Christmas exercises will be held at the Methodist church Thursday, and at the Free Baptist church Friday evening.

EAST BURKE.

The funeral of Etta McGill was held at the house Saturday afternoon.

Rev. L. W. Manning officiating. She was a lovely and lovable little girl and her parents have the sympathy of all in their great bereavement.

Robert Wilson, who has been sick at Frank McGill's, is better.

R. A. Eggleston is gaining.

Annie Belden was home from her school over Sunday.

L. A. Darling has bought the Mr. Mather place and Mr. Mather has moved his harness shop into the Amidon house.

Lewis Watson is at home for the holidays.

George Gilson has been excused from further service as petit juror on account of home business.

Charlie Foster and Jeff Welch are cutting the lumber on the Gilson and Ayer lot.

Josie Walter is better.

The water in the river is so low that it is impossible to run the electric lights nearly all the time.

EAST BARNET.

There will be a Christmas tree in the chapel Friday evening with exercises and singing by the children and young people.

May Gillilan came home Saturday to spend the holidays.

Quite a number went from here to the Christmas sale and promenade at Passumpsic Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Creaser are spending a few days at C. Dickinson's.

Bert Galbraith visited friends at Lyndonville over Sunday.

LYNDONVILLE.

Grace Finney has been quite ill with the mumps for several days.

A jolly sleighing party, mostly from the Universalist society, called on Mr. and Mrs. Powers Wednesday evening at the former Albert Evans farm.

Mrs. John Smith, who recently moved here from Barton, died very suddenly last week in Mr. Chapin's house on Elm street.

Funeral services were held Monday, conducted by Rev. W. C. Johnson of Barton. She leaves one son, who works in the railroad shops.

The usual Christmas trees and exercises will be given at the various churches. The Congregational church will hold theirs on Friday evening, also the Universalist church, while the others will take place on Thursday evening.

Very sad is the death of Miss Lila Hoffman, a young lady living in the north part of the town, who is well and favorably known here as a teacher, town superintendent of schools, and a gifted and noble girl. She was a graduate of Lyndon Institute and soon to be married.

to Dr. Arthur Doud at whose home she was visiting when taken suddenly ill about two weeks ago. The cause of her death was spinal meningitis and she was unconscious from the first, death occurring last Friday. Her two surviving brothers and many friends have the sympathy of all in their great loss.

Carrie Campbell and Ethel Chapman are at home from the University of Vermont for their vacation.

Fred Page, who has been at home sick, has recovered and returned to his work in Montpelier.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Webber and daughter went to Mrs. Webber's home at South Woodstock, N. H., to spend Christmas.

The Brahman Funeral Pyre.

After the body of a Brahman has been anointed with sesame oil the two toes are bound together and the two thumbs. It is then lashed to a litter made of two long parallel poles, to which are fastened seven transverse pieces of wood. The shroud is very simple, a large piece of cloth wrapped round the body and bound with ropes of straw. If the dead Brahman leaves a will his face is not covered; otherwise the shroud is brought up over the head. The burning ground, or ghat, is usually near a river, that those who have taken part in the ceremonies may purify themselves as quickly and as easily as possible. Before erecting the funeral pyre a shallow pit is dug and partially filled with dry wood, the body is covered with splinters of dry wood and sprinkled with panchagaria, an inflammable liquid, and placed on the pyre and covered with branches and roots, like a hut. The nearest relative or heir then takes a lighted taper and sets fire to the four corners of the pile and leaves at once to perform the ceremony of purification. The curriers, being of the lowest caste, remain until the body is entirely consumed.

A Race of War.

This happened in 1797, when Colonel Tate, with the Legion Noire, landed near Pishguard, intending to march on and burn Bristol. When the expedition appeared off the coast there was only a handful of volunteers available to oppose them, and Lord Cawdor, who was in command, mustered all the Welsh women he could gather together.

Each of these wore a long red cloak descending, petticoat fashion, almost to her heels, and thus attired they were made to march and counter-march among the hills, presenting themselves at different points to the view of the enemy in such a way as to give the impression of red uniformed troops taking up position. The French were so puzzled by their appearance that, although they landed, they could not make up their minds to advance until sufficient time had elapsed to raise the country and bring forward a real force strong enough to beat them back.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Great Old Castle.

Raby castle, the seat of Lord Barnard, is a famous old structure. On the ground floor is a mighty hall into which one might drive a coach. Above it runs a dining chamber ninety feet in length and thirty-six in breadth. It remains today as it stood in the days when the barons for whose entertainment it was fashioned were almost the paramount power in the land. Seven hundred of the mightiest and noblest in the kingdom dined simultaneously in this hall when the warlike Nevilles were established at Raby castle. The ancient chamber is good for as many today, and there is accommodation enough for the cooking. The kitchen is a square of thirty feet, with an oven so huge that at one time it was converted into a wine cellar, the sides being divided into ten parts, each side holding a hoghead of wine in bottles.

"I can stand a lot," said the artist, "but there are times when my patience is sorely tried."

"The other evening I went into a restaurant where the walls are tinted a soft red, most pleasing to the eye. It is a place I frequent not so much because the cooking is good as that it has a most restful color scheme. I had been having a hard time at the studio, and I felt the need of a little relaxation. The band was playing a seductive air, and I was feeling at peace with the world, when I chanced to look across the room, and my evening was spoiled for me completely."

"There against the red background was a woman in a glaring blue waist sipping a creme de menthe of vivid green under a hat of a most assertive shade of yellow!"—New York Press.

Daniel Webster's Wit.

When a lad Daniel Webster was one day called up by the teacher for punishment. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, he wet the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. "Give me your hand," said the teacher very sternly. Out went the right hand partially cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment and said, "Daniel, if you will find another hand in this room as soiled as that I will let you off this time." Instantly came from behind his back his left hand. "Here it is," was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher. "For this time you can take your seat, sir!"

Franklin's Fate Prefigured.

The fate of Franklin, the explorer, was unwittingly prefigured, and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage, at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay dozing on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay the union jack over a corpse?"

A Glad Caller.

Mistress—Did any one call while I was out, Jane?

Jane—Yes, mum. Wan gentileman was after callin', mum.

Mistress—What was his name?

Jane—Moike O'Rafferty, mum, an' he was as glad to find yez out as he was to find me in. O'm thinkin', mum.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Substitute.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery store, "but is there a chicken raiser here?"

"Why don't you take an ax?" asked the village Tallyrand. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."—Judge.

Why They Went.

Wife—The Swintons are going to move out of this neighborhood after being here a year.

Husband—That's strange! All the people are just getting to know them now.

Wife—Yes, that's why they are going.

The Story Needed Confirmation.

"George, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?"

"Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellows that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."—Brooklyn Life.

Lost on the Favorite.

Jessie—I was surprised to hear that young Tandem was so much in debt. He was such a general favorite!

Jack—Why, that's it. There's a lot of money lost on favorites.

COLONEL MONROE'S DOCTRINE

The Financial and Moral Losses Sustained by the Nation in Consequence of Wall Street Speculation

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

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I HAVE often wondered how much money is annually lost in Wall street and in the various boards of trade and exchanges of our leading cities," remarked Judge Sawyer.

"There is as much won as there is lost," declared Postmaster Jenkins, "so you cannot say that anything is lost. It is as if you and the colonel and me set down and played poker here in my office and you lost \$10 and I lost \$15 and the colonel won \$25. There is nothing lost. The money simply changes hands."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," said Colonel Monroe when Jenkins had ended. "If you had located your poker game in the rear of Healy's saloon, where a privileged few are permitted to indulge in this game—so I am informed—your illustration would be more to the point. In consideration of the risk he runs for allowing gambling in his premises, and for the other reason that he needs the money, Healy collects a commission on all hands played. I have read somewhere that this commission is termed a 'rake off' and goes into a mysterious place called the 'kitty.' Are not those the expressions, Judge Sawyer?"

"I am not competent to add anything to your knowledge on the subject of the national game of draw poker," laughed the judge.

"If the three of us risked \$10 each in Healy's game or, for that matter, any public poker game," observed the colonel, "and played steadily for four or five hours, it is safe to say that the 'kitty' would have absorbed at least \$10 of our combined capital, and if the cards broke even we would all be losers at the end of the game. The steady drain which flows into the 'kitty' is the most prolific cause of the poverty of gamblers, lottery gamblers or speculative gamblers. Every man who stakes his money against a professional gambling game does so with the odds overwhelmingly against him. He may not know it. If not, the more fool he. But the 'rake off' is not the only thing which menaces the lamb who trusts his money in Wall street. It is not a 'square game,' to again quote the vernacular of the gambler. Crooked players are not only allowed to take part in the shaping of quotations, but they actually dominate the situation."

"It seems to me that Wall street is greatly changed in recent years," said Judge Sawyer. "It is not long ago since values fluctuated on account of the prospects of success or failure of crops or of an increase or decrease in the profits of a concern whose stock was traded in. If business were good stocks would move upward; if business were bad stocks would fall. The successful speculator was the one with the more accurate judgment concerning the probable effect of natural conditions. At the present time there seems to be no connection between real values and Wall street quotations."

"Not the slightest," said Colonel Monroe. "Stocks which never have paid a dividend and which in all human probability never will pay one are quoted from 50 to par and above, while stocks on which dividends are being paid are selling at, from 20 to 50 and thereabout. Stocks which are earning dividends are not receiving them, and the opposite is true in several notorious instances. The gambling public buys stocks which it knows are worth no more than the paper on which the certificates are printed in the hope and belief that greater fools will take the contract off their hands at higher prices. It is as if I should buy of you, Judge Sawyer, a gold brick, knowing it to be a gold brick, in the hope and full expectation of selling it to our friend Jenkins for more than I paid for it."

"You couldn't sell me no gold brick," declared the indignant Jenkins. "I was on to that game years ago."

"Certainly you were," admitted Colonel Monroe. "But men as wise as you have invested in paper certificates purporting to be worth \$100 a share and have paid over their hard earned money to the agents of millionaires who were willing to lend their names to a flagrant and palpable fraud. There are billions of this worthless stuff for sale, and the men who are responsible for its issue pose as law abiding citizens Stripped of all technical terms, the attempt to foist this stuff on the investing public is meditated robbery, pure and simple."

"The speculative mania certainly is on the increase," remarked Judge Sawyer.

"We are gambling on a magnificent scale," reflected Colonel Monroe. "Monte Carlo is a cheap resort compared to Wall street or Saratoga. In the latter we see more than a hundred betting commissioners, called bookmakers, paying to the owners of the race track a sum exceeding \$10,000 a day for the privilege of supervising the gambling on horse races. This is only a small item in the total expense of running horses at one track. There are thousands of employees, and each of the bookmakers has a staff of clerks, bookkeepers and runners. Gambling on the speed of horses has developed into a vast business in which millions of dollars are invested. Nearly every dollar of the huge expense of conducting these enterprises comes from

the deluded men and women who bet on the races. Legalized gambling is the most profitable business on earth, and market speculation and horse racing are the only forms not under the ban. As a rule, the wealthy horse owner is prominently identified with Wall street. The connection between the two professions is not accident. These men have discovered that the surest way to wealth is by entering to that common instinct which leads most men to risk more than they can afford in a gambling transaction.

"The man who bets on the races should realize that he is called on to support in comfort or luxury an army of horse owners, bookmakers, 'touts,' trainers and others who make their living on the race tracks. The man who bets pays 90 per cent of all these bills. In the same way and for the same reason the men and women who dabble in stocks or in grain, cotton and other mediums of speculation pay all of the expenses and pile up all of the profits which pour into the pockets of the owners of the game. The commissions wrung from those who put up margins on stocks and the losses sustained by that credulous mass called 'the public' have paid for the hundreds of palatial office buildings which are massed around the new Stock Exchange. The commissions on the pretended purchase and sale of stocks, the 'rake off' which goes into the 'kitty,' is sufficient to have made hundreds of men more than millionaires. You pick up your paper and read that the sale of stocks on a certain day amounted to a total of 1,000,000 shares. Do you know what that means? It means that \$250,000 has been paid over to stockbrokers as the commission for one day's gambling. This is only one item. The interest charges will amount to \$150,000 more. Then there are the dealings in bonds, grain, cotton, mines, coffee and other systems of tempting fortune. In addition to New York there are similar exchanges in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco and smaller ones elsewhere. Bucket shops struggle for the patronage of those who cannot rake or scrape enough together to play against the regular game. It is conservative to estimate that the American gambling public pays over to brokers and other agents of a legalized speculation a sum of money exceeding \$1,000,000 a day, or more than \$300,000,000 during a year."